Theo. Ins., E. Windsor Hill, June 4, 1840.

To
The So. of Ins. in the
Theo. Sem., Princeton, N. J.

Dear Brethren,

With pleasure we accept your kind invitation & give you our thanks for it. We will extend you our sympathies & embrace you in our prayers. We call you brethren, dearly beloved, fellow-laborers & fellow-heirs. How good it is to cooperate in the work of faith & labor of love! How good it is for brethren to walk together in unity! But we remember that a more glorious union in prayer exists than that between the children of God. Our thoughts go upward. There is an open door. We look into the everlasting doors & through the lifted gates, & behold the adorable Three, in all the engagedness of love & majesty of power, keeping & fulfilling the covenant of Redemption, establishing the Mt. of their house upon the tops of the mountains, & fashioning all events & employing all agencies for the accomplishment of their purposes of grace. We see the sword girded upon the thigh of the Most Mighty. We see His hand upon the man of His right hand, upon the Son of man whom He made strong for Himself. We hear of the two vast gifts; the gift of Christ to the world, & the gift of the world to Christ. We read records of promises & oaths; discern the work concealed good in them & faithful mercies in them; discover whence the righteousness that is to be shown & why the salvation that is to be made known before all the heathen; trace man's apprehension for a renewal of his nature, disposition into the patient exercise of his powers, & his acceptance through Christ as an instrument of good to his cause. And so we reach apprehend that for which we are apprehended, yield our members instruments of righteousness & through grace bring for fruit to the praise of God.

Thus, dear Brethren, we encourage ourselves in the Lord & say to our companions, Be encouraged with us: otherwise we faint. Doubtless there is strength. There are springs - hills - fulnesses - to which we can resort for life & mercy & success. We flourish when others starve, bless when others curse. We walk above not below the clouds; in light not in darkness. To us there is a child given; to us great & precious promises & strong & everlasting consolations. Our faith does in turn, works by love, trusts in the Lord's might, pleads His glory, grows & settles & strengthens, receives its object, Christ, & its end, the salvation of the soul.

We are infinitely removed from desert. Our best state is vanity. We are nothing in & of ourselves, & something in & of another, only as we were created so to good works, in Christ from eternity. Not unto us then we pray, but unto His name give glory, forever. Amen.

Final page not at rest.

The last Herald encourages & discourages. The result of labors at the Sandwich Islands relieves us & stimulates. As our hope & expectations have been so are they realised there, & more. Blessings beyond our highest faith have come to the Islanders. But from Singapore the voice of the Watchman announces bad tidings, painful & disturbing, for the present. We had hoped better things. We had been told better things. We have been bidden to look into the heart of China from Singapore & to see the dawn & to hear the sound of the gospel through all that wide region. We have been staying ourselves on the Lord in what we thought he was doing there. But we are disappointed. He is a way higher than our way; his searchings of His understandings; his works that are wonderful. And yet we trust. The Lord is righteous in all his ways, & holy in all his works." We will not despair. We see Hindoostan, we behold Africa, the Indian, the Mohammedan, & faith recovers & walks vigorously. It is not by might, nor by power. There are gifts for men. A travail of soul is to be seen. A voice of an Angel is assuredly to be heard. Feet will appear beautiful on the mountains. It has been said & shall it be unsaid? Confirmed by an oath & shall it be broken? Dear Brethren, our hearts are full. We yearn for the heathen. We are affectionately desirous for their salvation. We plead, but there is one that pleads for us. He will arise to our help. He will sustain our cause, the cause of our life. We go from shame to glory, from earth to heaven, from man to God. Our arm is our boast. Will it be shortened, that it cannot save? Will it fail that word? Dear Brethren, our unbelief yet abounds. It is hard for us yet to believe, to look simply to Jesus, to cast all care upon God & to trust all burdens there.

We are in an ordinary state in religious things in this Institute. Stupidity & coldness mark us. It is our disgrace & ruin to live as we live. We need reviving. We need converting. We see better ways & abound more. We resolve & add to resolve. We return thanks as if we were grown up into Christ in all things; as if we were become teachers, & as if we could be in all things strong. But we are far from nothing in Christ. We do carry about in our bodies all His dying & His living power, are ignorant & babes. And yet we do see some good. It is not all dimness. It is not all perversion & alienation & brutishness. We bless, adore, weep & sorrow, & yet praise. He in this day is fulfilled his patience. We are a little cloud of witnesses to his forbearance. We are set to the seal that his mercy endures for ever.

The last rivals in our land should exhibit our gratitude & our intimacies. Youth in our colleges - & God invites our intercessions for them. Converts just enquiring what the Lord will have them do call for our supplications. The harvest is great. Fields are broad & numerous. The Lord bears prayer. We will pray then, brethren, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest. And we will engage ourselves unreservedly to the work of preparation. We are poor, but the riches of assurance & of glory & of grace, & the treasures of wisdom & knowledge, & the fullness of all things, & the head of all, principalities & powers, are ours, since we are Christ's & Christ is God's. We cannot distrust, it sometimes seems. If we begin to weep, smiles come. If we begin to despair, faith & hope come. The Land is before us. We can look to Him. But we must credit what the Almighty saith. We cannot afford to doubt. We reckon it is madness & death. We will rest & be free in our rest & never come from it.

Suffer us to plead with you. We plead with all. It is our language at the throne of grace, with christians & to sinners.

Our means for extending our knowledge & increasing our interest in Benevolent operations are few, except the ordinary. We hold but little correspondence with any save. Consequently we suffer. There is not among us as much of the spirit of missions as there should be & as there might be. This is an occasion for mourning to some of us. Shall we augment it? This is the origin of our Society. In agreement to Art. 2d Sec. 5, of a former constitution, the Alumni & students of the Institute united in a Society, Aug. 9. 1836, to be called "The Society of Inquiry" for the purpose of improving the intellect, cherishing a spirit of benevolence, & obtaining religious information. The past winter our meetings were held weekly, this summer they are held semi-monthly. We are glad to correspond with you. Hope to receive similar benefit. Shall if the Lord will. Any suggestions from you would be acceptable. Causes beyond our control, inseparable, at present, from this Institute, & powerful in their operation hinder & cripple us. We long, some of us at least, to see more interest in missions among us. We do see & feel some. But it is not enough. Our profession, our calling, the church & the world, demand that we exhibit more. We are debtors to the wise & to the unwise. We have in store a legacy, a rich inheritance, willed to all people. It does not become us to be such slothful stewards & executors. Our portion is for the Greek & for the Barbarian, for the Jew & for the Gentile. We are not zealous to divide. Henceforth our path ought to be more consistent.

The God of Zion, the Lord bless you.

In behalf of the So. of Inquiry,

Charles Lord, Cor. Sec..

EAST WINDSOR N.J.
JUN 23

Rec'd. June 23d 1842

124

To the
Secretary of Inquiry,
in the
Theo. Seminary,
Princeton,
New Jersey.